

THE

SOLDIER,

THE
CATECHISM.

CATECHISM.

OF THE

WHAT



both, make you a Soldier.

A. Yes, as to the exterior form.

Q. But as to essentials?

OF THE

Q. Why was you led by that?

A. From a thirst of glory.

Q. Do you mean the love of fame?

Printed for T. COOPE, near

the STRAND, 1769.



THE

SOLDIER'S

CATECHISM.

Q. **W**HAT are you?
A. *A Soldier.*

Q. Who made you a Soldier?
A. *My Country and my King.*

Q. Right. But could either, or both, make you a Soldier?

A. *Yes, as to the exterior form.*

Q. But as to essentials?

A. *My own inclination.*

Q. Why was you led by that?

A. *From a thirst of glory.*

Q. Do you mean the love of fame

A. *Of good fame, of that trumpet which sounds good repute.*

Q. Was this a mere propensity?

A. No; it was a strong impulse, an inexpressible ardor, a loud call, a will stimulated by I know not what motives.

Q. Did you, when thus prickt on by the love of good repute, or, as you called it first, the thirst after glory, examine into these motives?

A. I did.

Q. Did you repeat the scrutiny?

A. I did; and upon the examen, actually discovered within myself a military turn, a genius for war.

Q. Did you look on the various and complicated sides of this genius? Or, in other words, did you enquire categorically into the make and form of this genius, its bearings, and its tendencies?

A. I did most minutely.

Q. Did you perceive that this military turn, this genius for war, was any way constitutional?

A. Yes; I perceived it to flow from a fine frame, a bold texture of nerves, from health, and vigour of body.

Q.

Q. Has this natural constitution you speak of, been impaired by excesses of women, or wine?

A. No, I have used it well, and this usage has made me the most grateful return in a gay, regular, easy flow of spirits.

Q. You never had the vapours?

A. I am a stranger to them.

Q. Was you never hipp'd?

A. I have heard and read of the disorder but my animal spirits are so composed, and so free from any impressions of that nature, that I never felt anything like that disorder in any of the least sensation.

Q. Did you ever feel pain when young?

A. Yes from birch, which I always laugh'd at; and from boxing, which I never regarded.

Q. Are you of a quarrelsome disposition?

A. No, I am not; but the reverse. I have repeatedly borne, or scorned injuries, till aggravated so highly, that I could bear, or scorn them no longer.

Q. Did you never feel any other pain, acute pain?

A. Yes, I burnt my fingers, or rather my hand, with throwing a serpent once on a rejoicing day.

Q. Did that make you chist?

A. No; I threw fifty that night afterwards, and five hundred since.

Q. Was

Q. Was it out of school-boy sport?

A. No, from the occasion; and beside I loved the smell of gunpowder.

Q. What was the occasion?

A. Our taking some of the forts at Porto-Bello.

Q. Do you love the smell of gunpowder?

A. Better than roses.

Q. Do you love the report of a musket?

A. Next to that of a cannon, but I love a general discharge of both, better than any music in the world.

Q. Was you ever in a battle?

A. Yes, in several. I was in that at Fontenoy.

Q. Was you ever wounded?

A. Six times slightly; never dangerously.

Q. Was you ever in the front of a battle when young.

A. Three times, while I was a volunteer.

Q. What a commission do you bear now?

A. Only a Lieutenancy.

Q. How old are you now?

A. Forty-two.

Q. How many years have you served?

A. From ten years of age.

Q. What! you was a Drum?

A. I was; though the son of an Ensign.

Q. How came that?

A. From my own desire; I would go with my father, and was fit for nothing else at that age. I was made Drum-major at fifteen.

Q. Why so young?

A. Because I was fit for the place at eleven, our Drum-major was killed, and I succeeded him.

Q. Did you love the sound of a Drum?

A. Better than a violin.

Q. Do you love martial music?

A. Yes, but chiefly when attended or accompanied by musquetry and cannon; no notes in my ear can come up to the discharge of a fine train of artillery.

Q. So far I find you have a military turn, or genius for war. How long did you remain Drum-major?

A. No longer than till I was capable of bearing arms; for at seventeen I threw up the place, though profitable, and went a volunteer in the same regiment.

Q. Well, and what then?

A. I became enamoured of my Musket: it was, next to Heaven, the object of my worship; no Lover ever adored his Mistress, no Gamester the cards, no Gentlemen of the turf a Horse race, with so much fervor, as I adored this little piece of machinery, which I soon came to handle with as much dexterity, as a good Surgeon his Amputation-knife, or the finest Preacher his Text.

Q. You understand evolutions?

A. Perfectly and mathematically, I am master of the tactic discipline.

Q. Was you ever at a siege?

A. Yes,

A. *Tes, at several. I was at all in the King of Prussia's service against the Queen of Hungary in the last war.*

Q. *Have you studied Geometry?*

A. *I am perfect master of Mathematicks, particularly of the branches of Fortification and Gunnery.*

Q. *Was you ever in the train?*

A. *Tes, I was a Matross three years.*

Q. *Was you ever bred to any part of Horimanship?*

A. *Regularly bred by the best of Masters. I was six years a Trooper, and three a Dragoon,*

Q. *What service are you in now?*

A. *In the Horse—A Lieutenant of Horse*

Q. *Was you ever disbanded?*

A. *Tes, the last war; but this war I bought a Cornecy.*

Q. *Can you dance?*

A. *Not so well as a Master, nor so finely as Beau. I had rather make the French dance to the tune of Britons strike home.*

Q. *How extensive has your reading been?*

A. *As much as my leisure from the study and practice of war would admit of.*

Q. *Be particular?*

A. *I am master of military history, ancient and modern; I have read Homer, Lucian, Virgil's Aeneid, Quintus Curtius, Cornelius Nepos, Xenophon's Retreat, Naval History, &c.*

Q. *Do*

Q. Do you know any thing of the expedients, talents, and resources of war?

A. I have long since, both in theory and practice, been thoroughly acquainted with the policy of war, the manœuvre, the coup de main, the Fabian arts, and those other various requisites of veteran addresses and redress.

Q. Have you been at sea?

A. Yes, at the East and West-Indies, and North America. I was at the taking of Goree and Senegal, and was at the unfortunate battle of Ticonderoga.

Q. You have been in the marine service?

A. Designedly, to furnish myself with more experience.

Q. Can you bear fatigue?

A. I have hardly closed my eyes for three weeks on the coast of Guinea; and have lain in my cloaths six weeks on the hardest ground or decks in that hot climate.

Q. Can you bear the extremes of cold or hunger?

I went a fishing to Greenland on purpose, and danced a hornpipe on an island of ice. I was twice on the Back of a Whale; and hunted down seven fair Bruins, or white bears, the lovely natives of those delightful regions. I have fasted premeditatedly two days together, from any manner of food: and out of necessity, have lived on a Bisket for four and twenty hours. In a siege I have eaten a horse cutlet with the greatest gout imaginable; and as for mouldy bread steeped in candle-grease, it was, at times, a luxurious diet.

Q. I shall ask no more. It is a pity you are not a General.